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The NIGHTS of PENDRAGON



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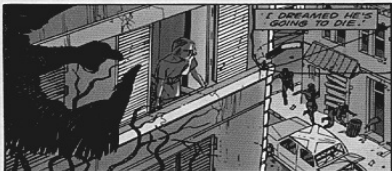
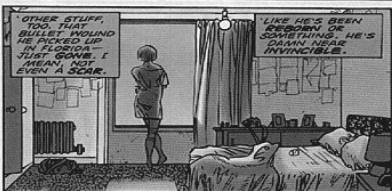
JOAN
DAVIS

HOPE
& GLORY

THE WOODS ARE LOVELY, DARK AND DEEP,
BUT I HAVE PROMISES TO KEEP,
AND MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP,
AND MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP.
Robert Frost, STOPPING BY WOODS

BUT NOW FAREWELL, I AM GOING A LONG WAY
WITH THOSE THOU SEEST - IF INDEED I GO -
(FOR ALL MY MIND IS CLOUDED WITH A DOUBT)
TO THE ISLAND-VALLEY OF AVALON.
Lord Tennyson, MOETE O' ARTHUR









BRITISH
GOVERNMENT
BUILDINGS,
BELIZE.

"SO WHERE
IS THE OLD
BASTARD? DO
WE HAVE ANY
IDEA?"

"NOT MUCH,
I'M AFRAID,
BUT DON'T
WORRY..."



"...WE HAVE
HELP."

* WEIRD
HAPPENINGS
ORGANISATION.

"I TELL YOU, Alysande,
WE SHOULD'VE TAGGED
THE SLIPPERY BLAGGER'S
LEG. HE LEAVES A
TRAIL OF WRECKAGE
THAT WOULD SHAME
GODZILLA. AND THE
WHOLE OF W.H.O.* CAN'T
TRACK HIM DOWN!"



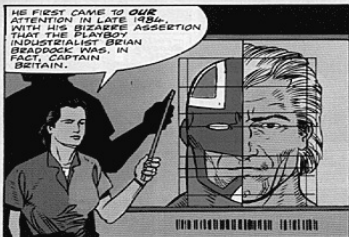
WE WILL. HE'S
IN A HIGHLY
DANGEROUS AND
DELUSIONAL
STATE, BUT HE'S
NOT WITHOUT
PURPOSE.

HE'S HEADED
SOMEWHERE. IF WE
STUDY HIS ROUTE
THUS FAR, TRY TO
SECOND GUESS
HIS NEUROSES...



REGRETTABLY, IT SEEMS
THOMAS HAS BEEN SOMETHING
OF AN OBSESSIVE CHARACTER
SINCE THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE,
VALERIE. SEEMS SHE WAS AN
INNOCENT BYSTANDER IN A
SUPERHERO BATTLE.

HE TOOK IT
RATHER HARD. HIS
COLLEAGUES DUBBED
HIM 'THE HERO
HATER'...



HE FIRST CAME TO OUR
ATTENTION IN LATE 1984,
WITH HIS BIZARRE ASSERTION
THAT THE PLAYBOY
INDUSTRIALIST BRIAN
BRADDOCK WAS, IN
FACT, CAPTAIN
BRITAIN.



HANG ON, THOUGH—I
MEAN, HE WAS RIGHT.
WASN'T HE? BEFORE THE
CAP JOINED EXCALIBUR,
THEY WORKED TOGETHER...

INDEED, ALISTAIRE. A **GOOD** POLICEMAN—BUT A **LOVELY, DRIVEN** MAN. GIVEN HIS INSTABILITY, PERHAPS HE WAS THE **WRONG** CHOICE TO HEAD THE INVESTIGATION.



I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD'VE SEEN THE SIGNS. HIS WEIRD FASCINATION WITH THAT **BOOK** FOR ONE...



UH—BRIGADIER STUART, MA'AM—ARE YOU READY TO INTERVIEW THE INTERLOOER YET? SHE'S GETTING A BIT—UH—**OBSTREPEROUS**.

I ALWAYS GET **OBSTREPEROUS** WHEN I HAVE A **GUN** POINTED AT MY EAR! WHERE'S MY **BLOODY** PHONECALL?



I DON'T THINK YOU REALISE THE **GRAVITY** OF YOUR SITUATION, MY DEAR. YOU WERE CAUGHT TRYING TO GAIN **ILLEGAL** ENTRY TO BRITISH GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, WHILST IN POSSESSION OF CAMERA AND RECORDING DEVICES.



WELL, YOU TOOK CARE OF THAT. DIDN'T YOU? MUST'VE SEIZED ENOUGH OF MY GEAR TO OPEN YOUR OWN **BLOODY** STUDIO BY NOW!



AND CAN THE **SCARE** TACTICS, OKAY? I'VE BEEN THREATENED BY **EXPERTS**. DO YOU KNOW WHO I—**WHAT** THE HELL?!

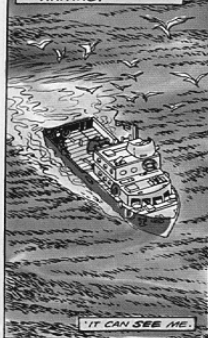






THE PACIFIC, OFF THE
GULF OF GUAYAQUIL.

"I'M CLOSE NOW. IT'S
OUT THERE SOMEWHERE...
WAITING."



"IT CAN SEE ME."

"THERE'S NO
CHOICE ANYMORE.
NEVER WAS. I'M
THE DAWN OF
SOME ELEMENTAL
FORCE..."

"... A LEAF ON
THE BREEZE,
BLOWN ACROSS
THE SEA FROM
PANAMA TO
ECUADOR."



"FOR I WILL GO TO THE
GREEN CHAPEL, TO GET
WHAT FATE SENDS
WHETHER NEAL OR WOE
IS WHAT FATE DEMANDS."



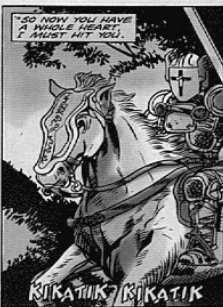
"... IN THE STORY
OF GAWRIN AND
THE GREEN
KNIGHT."



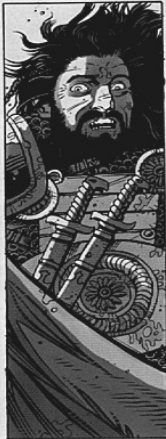
HE GAVE SPUR TO GRINGOLET
AND GALLOPED DOWN THE
PATH, THRUST THROUGH A
THICKET THERE BY A BANK
AND RODE DOWN THE ROUGH
SLOPE RIGHT INTO THE RAVINE.

SOMEHOW, THE
ANSWER IS IN
THE BOOK... IN
THE DREAMS
I'VE BEEN
HAVING...

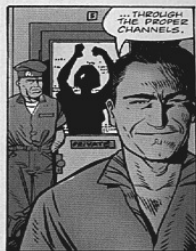
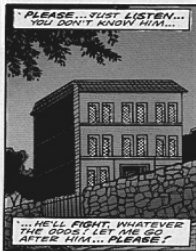
"OH GOD, IS THE CHAPEL GREEN
THIS MOUND?" SAID THE NOBLE
KNIGHT.
"AT SUCH MIGHT SATAN BE SEEN
SAYING MATINS AT MIDNIGHT."













I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE A LITTLE
OUTSIDE YOUR
JURISDICTION,
CAPTAIN
BRITAIN.

DAI, IT'S ME,
BRIAN. I DIDN'T
EXPECT TEA
AND BISCUITS,
BUT HOW ABOUT
LOWERING THE
CANNON A
LITTLE?

I—I'M SORRY, BOY BACH.
BEEN A LITTLE EDGY
LATELY...

SO I HEAR. THIS
ISN'T EXACTLY YOUR
REGULAR BEAT EITHER,
IS IT?

STILL, FOR A MAN
WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE
DANGEROUSLY DISTURBED,
YOU LOOK GREAT. INSANITY
MUST AGREE WITH YOU...

THEY TOLD YOU
THAT? WELL, I DON'T
GIVE A SHIT WHAT
W.H.O. THINK
ANYMORE.

NOT W.H.O.
—SIR IAN
CHALMERS,
THE CABINET
MINISTER.

SEEMS YOU'VE
PUT SOME
PRETTY
POWERFUL
NOSES OUT
OF JOINT, DAI...

OF
COURSE...



...ALL THAT
MONEY, ALL THAT
INTERNATIONAL
REVENUE AT
STAKE. THEY'D
NEED AT LEAST
ONE MINISTERIAL
LADDOG. GOD
ALIVE, CHALMERS
EVEN RUNS
W.H.O....

TALK SENSE, DAI,
AND MAKE IT
QUICK. MY
COSTUME WASN'T
DESIGNED
FOR THIS
TROPICAL
STEAMBATH.

THE OMNI
CORPORATION!
YOU'VE HEARD OF
THEM—A BASTARD-RICH
MULTINATIONAL...

'REMEMBER WHY W.H.O. HIRED ME? THE BURGER BAR INCIDENT IN LONDON — EIGHTY SEVEN, SUFFOCATED TO DEATH.



'TASTEE IS A WORLDWIDE CUISINE — OWNED BY THE OMNI CORPORATION.



'THE TRAIL TOOK ME TO AFRICA, AND A BARBARIC TRADE IN IVORY POACHING — FUNDED BY A CLANDESTINE CARTEL OF OMNI EXECUTIVES.



'THE POACHERS DIED, TOO STRIPPED OF THEIR IVORY.'



I'VE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL FROM AFRICA TO FLORIDA, TO BELIZE, TO HERE! A TRAIL OF MACABRE, BRUTAL KILLINGS, ALL LINKED BY SOME BLACK SENSE OF POETIC JUSTICE AND BY OMNI.



A KNIGHT OF THE REALM. WHAT A JOKE.



REALLY, DAI.



I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOT ACCUSING HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OF COMPLICITY IN CRIME.



WAKE UP, BRADDOCK!
LOOK AT THIS HELLHOLE
THAT USED TO BE
RAINFOREST—CLEARED
FOR SCRUB-PASTURE
TO FEED THE WORLD'S
CRAVING FOR HAMBURGERS!



DID THIS GOVERNMENT CARE
ABOUT THE FORESTS? THAT
WITHOUT THE OXYGEN THEY
PROVIDE, THE WHOLE BLOODY
PLANET COULD SUFFOCATE
AND DIE?

NO. THEY CARE
ONLY ABOUT THEIR
OWN NATIONAL
DEBT!



LOOK AROUND
YOU, BOY—AT THE
WORLD YOUR
VISIONLESS
LEADERS
CREATED.

A WORLD WHERE
RAIN IS POISON AND
SUNSHINE IS DEATH.
DON'T TALK TO ME
ABOUT CRIME.

YOU SHOULD
BE ASHAMED
TO WEAR THAT
FLAG.



WHATEVER
YOU SAY, DAI...
AND NOW IF THE
SERMON'S OVER,
I THINK IT'S
TIME WE BOTH
GOT OUT OF
THE SUN.



DAMN IT, MAN—
IT'S NOT TOO
LATE! THE OLD
BONDS BETWEEN
MAN AND
NATURE HAVE
BROKEN, BUT IF WE CAN
RESTORE THE
BALANCE,
THERE'S STILL
HOPE!



GETTING DARK. IF
WE'RE LUCKY, WE'LL
MAKE IT BEFORE
NIGHTFALL...

ALL RIGHT,
BRIAN. ALL RIGHT.
THERE'S OBVIOUSLY
ONLY ONE LANGUAGE
YOU UNDERSTAND.





